

thoughts on going through...

The grand ladies of Downton Abbey announce their intent to go through to the drawing room, after they dine. They glide with slight rustle under vigilant eye of a guy in tails, arriving unimpaired.

There is no hint of working through to the drawing room by entering analysts, no talk of getting through the passage one day at a time.

Unthinkable to blast through like coal miners, or crawl through or dig through, no proper attire for shovelling through, like pioneer women trapped in a storm.

True, they have their snowfalls. Financial ruin and illness lurk. The stove disappoints. Still they go through to the drawing room.

It's something to consider.

Best in Show

May I have the Sonnets in the ring, please?

This versatile breed had its origins in Tuscany in the 1300s.

The Petrarchan sonnet is known for its witty, yearning, argumentative form. Its knack for barking at its own questions make it a darling of the intellectual set and a model of self-sufficiency.

Breed standards require only five rhymes to qualify, unlike its offspring Shakespearean sonnet, which needs seven.

Adopted in England, the sonnet's tail was modified by Thomas Wyatt into a rhyming couplet. Beloved by Romantics, Shakespearean sonnets are welcome guests at weddings, anniversaries and candlelit dinners.

This short little breed's ability to stand on its own fourteen lines insures it's place as a heavy-weight in the formal rhyming group.

Here is Sonnet Number 29.

the Downton Dowager Countess speaks to her American audience....

I can see how one would swoon at the sight of Lady Mary's shimmering gowns, a revelation - much like her shoulders, or long for restorative tea and cake, that our opulent dining dazzles; how our gleaming goblets of brandy quietly mesmerize. You dare not even dream of staff to bestow impeccable service. Our dog is just like yours.

But what entralls you, really? What draws you to the screen, like creatures round a well-laid fire? You shun our class disseverment. Rightly so, I must admit, though at least we can speak of it.

Is it that Carson guards the door? How Mrs. Hughes goes to hospital utterly unencumbered? Do you breathe a secret sigh of relief that stewards carry our guns? Are your jangled nerves soothed by civil conversation? Even I encase my arrows in tiny satin sheathes. When our library is stormed by insurgent Irish chauffeurs, Carson serves the tea. We do our best. The center holds. Face it, you want to be me.

Best in Show announcer banter...

David, I know you're a fan of Villanelles – now that's a breed you don't see tied outside the supermarket.

Yes, Mary I'm on my third villanelle, and let me tell you it's worth putting up with their repetitive lines.

Aren't they teased for chasing their tails, Dave?

Well, Mary, that's a charming trait – puts me right into a poetic trance.

Not like those verses running around your house, you never know what to expect from them.

FV's make playful companions, Dave, and they're great with my kids – always licking their faces.

Dream on, Mary. We need to take a short break – the haiku group will be up next!

I think they have a chance this year against the French Surrealists. That Pablo is stunning!

Just listen to that crowd.


They've never won Best in Show, Mary, even though they're a popular favorite.

No surprise there, Dave. I had one in high school – it was the love of my life.

Just a bit too eager to please for my taste.

Speaking of face licking, Mary, here come the Odes –

Best in Show
(or why I miss Winter TV)




Mary Mueller

Please recycle to a friend!

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(or why I miss Winter TV)
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